

Sir John Leake's Fight

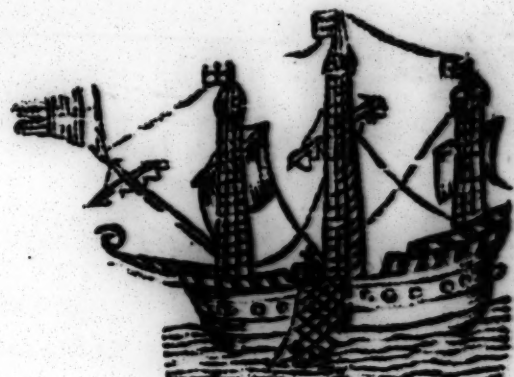
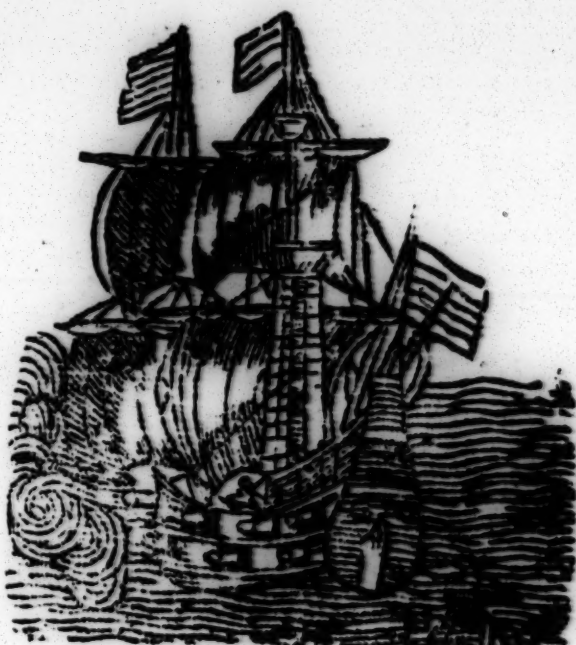
WITH

Admiral Ponty:

Being a Bloody Fight between the Confederate Fleet, & the French Fleet, in the Bay of Gibraltar on the 20th of March last.

Licensed according to Order.

Tune of, Ob rare Popery, &c.



Here is News upon News Boys come from Gibraltore,
Will make you to laugh ere the Song be quite ore,
To hear how that Ponty was fain for to scower,
At which sad disaster, the French King their Master,
Cries, Morblew, they'll ruin me quite.

For Ponty with thirteen stout Men of War come,
(Some seventy, some ninety, his ninety six Guns)
To Gibraltore, there for to sling in their Bombs,
To make them Surrender, but Hesse their Defender
Did Fire at them from the Town.

Whilst Ponty at Gibraltore Fir'd by Sea,
The French and the Spaniard by Land did agree
To storm Gibraltore, but alas it can't be,
For Leake is a coming, and Ponty's for running,
Begar and Garzon we're undone.

On the 20th of March Valliant Leake did appear,
Which put Admiral Ponty into a great fear,
And straight they cut Cable, and off would fain there,
They were so affrighted, perhaps to be shited,
To see the Confederate Fleet.

The Flower-de-Luce, and Magnanimous to,
Were both run a shore by Ponty and his Crew,
They burned their Ships, then away they all flew,
Crying they have bang'd us, our Master will Hang us
For losing his Ships of War.

The Marquis, the Ardent and Arrogant then,
Give the Devil his due did Fight bravely like Men,
For Broadfides was Fired again and again,
Till they were Boarded, with Sword in hand Boarded,
Then they surrender'd the same.

Six French Men of War Sail'd away in a fright,
For Thunders when they saw that most terrible sight,
Sir John Leake and his Fleet who came thither to fight,
They ball'd up Anchor, and straightways did scamper,
And left Gibraltore all in haste.

Whilst Sir John Leake in the Bay bang'd them about,
Our Gibraltore Forces that time fally d out,
And put all the French and the Spaniards to rout,
There was a great Slaughter by Land and by Water,
Of French and Jack Spaniard beside.

But ere Sir John Leake in those Parts did appear,
The French and the Spaniards were very severe,
But now they look sneaking and hang down their Ears,
A terrible story, for Lewis's Glory,
We're beaten all from Gibraltore.

The French Fleet is Routed, the Town is Reliev'd,
The Besiegers, and Admirals of France are deceiv'd,
And the French King to the Heart is sore griev'd,
Crying, oh this Rain will be my undoing,
My Forces are ery where maul'd.

Now Ponty is beaten and Gibraltore's gon,
Says Lewis here's worser and wo ter News come,
There's Marlborough the Terror of all Christendom,
Will enter my Nation oh damnable fashion,
I cannot rest quiet in Bed.

Come Maintenance ease my poor trouble'd Heart,
Come Jesuit to me comfort unto me impart,
Come Physitian give ease or my Life it will start,
Since Ponty is beaten, my Men of War taken,
And Marlborough is coming to France.